Protect

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by slashyrogue

Summary

His mouth still tasted like blood and he wished it was Hannibal’s.

Will was no fool.

But he wasn't immune to instinct either.

His teeth ached as he watched the world as it unfolded around him. Nurses coming in and out to check on patients, machines beeping, and everyone existing like he hadn't just changed the entire course of the rest of his life.

"Will?"

He shook himself. "Yeah?"

"Jack wants to get your statement, if you're up for it. Or you can come down later to the station after...." Bev said softly, looking at the man beside him.

Will squeezed the limp hand in his and looked at Hannibal on the hospital bed. He was covered in bandages, knocked out on pain meds, but breathing steady. The sound of his heart monitor was keeping Will sane.

"I don't want to leave."

"Then later?"

He shook his head. "No. He can come in and I'll tell him everything."

Bev nodded. "Okay."

Will hardly heard her leave before he was back to staring at Hannibal again.

"I'm sorry. I didn't...I didn't understand."

His mouth still tasted like blood and he wished it was Hannibal's.

"Will?"

He sighed. "Hey Jack."

Jack walked around to the other side of the bed and sat down. "The doctors say you saved his life. If Budge had cut just a bit more to the right…"

Will's lip curled. "I know."

"Can you tell me what happened?"

Will squeezed Hannibal's hand. "After I chased him, I just got this feeling that I needed to see Hannibal. He's the one who told us about Budge, led us there, and when I saw the office door open I ran inside."

Jack paused in the middle of writing. "And they were fighting?"

He shook his head. “No. Hannibal was already unconscious. He was….he’d been stabbed. Multiple times.”

“Did Tobias Budge notice you? Smell you?”

Will nodded. “Omegas tend to smell other omegas when they’re around an alpha. He taunted me, said some things about how I’d ‘tamed Hannibal’ and then came at me with the scalpel.”

“And you fought.”

“Yes.”

“And you...tore out his throat with your teeth.”

He looked at Jack. “You know I did.”

“I just need you to say it on record.”

“I tore his throat out with my teeth. He stopped his attack on me and went after my true mate. He was a millisecond away from stabbing him in the heart and I was.... protecting us both.”

Jack closed his notebook. “The doctors say he’s gonna be alright.”

Will nodded through his immense distress and couldn’t bring himself to speak. He sighed when Jack patted him on the shoulder.

“Keep me posted. You saved his life, Will.”

He hardly noticed when Jack left, his eyes once again fixated on Hannibal. Jack and everyone else might be praising him, thinking he’d done good by Hannibal, but he knew the truth.

This was his fault.

Hannibal had kept to his promise, fought but didn’t kill an opponent he should have, and if he’d just bashed Budge’s head in he’d be smiling at Will right now.

Will leaned in closer to scent Hannibal’s cheek. The bandages scratched against Will’s skin and he closed his eyes.

“Your distressed scent is not what I wanted to wake up to.”

He laughed and pressed a kiss to Hannibal’s cheek.

“I just wanted you to wake up at all.”

Hannibal ran fingers through his hair.

“I’m happy to have surprised you.”

Will lifted his head up to stare into his eyes.

“I’m sorry.”

Hannibal reached out to touch Will’s cheek.

“What horrible misdeed are you apologizing for other than looking so handsome with blood on your face?”

“Budge. You….you didn’t kill him.”

“I wasn’t given permission. Though Tobias implied that you were deceased. It was quite hard to reign in my bloodthirst but I held out hope that…”

Will let out a shaky breath and touched his cheek.

“I killed him.”

“Why did you kill him, Will?”

He shook his head. “He attacked me and…”

Hannibal pulled him in closer. “Why?”

Will felt a tear fall down his cheek. “Because he was going to kill you. I...I ripped his throat out with my teeth.”

He could smell Hannibal’s arousal at the words, and his own amped up because of it. “I am forlorn I missed such an event. May I?”

He nodded and moaned when Hannibal kissed him, running his tongue along the inside of Will’s mouth, and their touch of tongues was far too brief before he pulled away.

“Delicious.”

“It was….”

Hannibal pressed his finger to Will’s lips.

“Tell me in private, Will. I am far too weak to appreciate the words at the moment. But I have never been quite so happy as I am right now.”

Will kissed him again and knew by the way he felt that he’d made his choice.

“So am I.”

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